

SIX

## London Advertiser

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The London Advertiser Company,  
Limited.  
London, Ont., Thursday, May 27.

## COALITION GOVERNMENT.

COMMENTING on the formation of a coalition Government for Great Britain, the Montreal Gazette refers to another war crisis that caused a coalition Government, that of 1757, when the great Pitt joined hands with the Duke of Newcastle. But there have been other coalitions, notably the one between Charles Fox and Lord North, and that of Lord Palmerston, who during the Crimean war took into his ministry such members of the Aberdeen cabinet as were in sympathy with the prosecution of the war.

Because of the world-wide results that followed, however, the Pitt-Newcastle coalition was the most important in British history. Great Britain was at war with France, and Newcastle was held responsible for the nation's unpreparedness. Public indignation compelled him to call Pitt to his assistance, and thus started a wonderful era of conquest and expansion for the Empire. Pitt's genius quickly drew order out of the chaos, and British armies and fleets were soon victorious at a dozen points of the globe. India and Canada were the big prizes of the war. Although they had been the bitterest of political enemies, Pitt and Newcastle buried all their quarrels for the common cause.

The coalition Government of Fox and North, which was as unexpected as that of Pitt and Newcastle, was not so successful as the latter. George the Third, who had just lost the American colonies, had dismissed Shelburne, and Fox and North getting together formed a coalition Government. Shelburne had brought about the peace pact with the United States, and this unpopular act made the new rulers, who were opposed to the peace, very strong for a while. Fox, however, once in the saddle, decided that it was better to make a friend of the American Republic, and this so aroused the anger and hatred of George that Fox and North soon retired.

## TREACHERY.

A notorious treachery the German press calls Italy's action. Cicero, an eminent Italian of long standing, says that it is a sad thing, but necessary sometimes, for friends to part company. However, for friends to ought to do so by gradual degrees and not in any sudden, violent or flagrant way. That is just how Italy was conducted herself with her former allies. First she declared her neutrality, as she was not bound to help Germany in an offensive war. Then she waited and negotiated for a year before breaking with the Teutons on the question of her own natural rights. As for treachery, there was quite frankly never any love lost between Italy and the German members of the Dreubund. Austria is the national enemy of Italy by tradition and still holds Italian land. Germany aids and abets her in this. The only reason why Italy joined with such partners at all were (1) a fear of Russian advance in the Balkan peninsula, and (2) revenge for the French customs tariff and occupation of Tunis since 1880. Only a few years ago, an Italian statesman openly asserted that the time was coming when Italy would have to choose between her friends and her allies. Great Britain was the old friend meant, whose naval supremacy was being challenged by Germany; and France was a new friend, some of the grievances having been patched up.

At the time friend Wilhelm was just as openly threatening whether it would not be better to drop Italy and substitute the more congenial Turk as the southern tail of the Dreubund scorpion. Oh, no, Germany and Italy have been ripe for divorce ever since Mammon joined them together. As for the Italian and German peoples, they are like oil and water, always have been and always will be. Even an Italian brigand is a sort of gentleman compared with the German savant, so there you are.

Treachery! The Austrians kept Italy in the dark as to what they were doing in regard to Serbia. Then, after Austria had declared war on Serbia, she informed the Italian Government that Article VII. of the Triple Alliance Treaty, which provided compensation to Italy for every Austrian territorial gain "must be considered null and of

no effect." Evidently Austria was intending to grab Serbia, but did not intend that her ally should have any benefit from the alliance. Italy did well to dissociate herself from a glimmer of the proverbial "thunder among thieves." The general war began, and Italy declared her neutrality, and two days after that Austria changed her tune so far as to inform Italy that if she would reconsider her action, Austria would observe Article VII. Italy should have her treaty share of the spoils.

Italy has been forbearing enough, not to attack sooner so treacherous an ally. It is the people who have torn up treaties, old and new, who have kept faith not even with their ally, who have perjured themselves a dozen ways, when their conduct of war is compared with their signed declarations at The Hague, who turned traitors to civilization and humanity in their treatment of Belgium, Rhemes and the Lusitania, that now calls "treachery" at Italy from bloody lips and foul throat and rotten heart.

## MISJUDGED.

THE ST. Louis Republic, commenting on what it calls the "widespread delirium of the Allies and their friends at the entrance into the war of Italy," says it is an exhibition of savagery no less excusable than that of the Hun, as it means misery, sorrow and death for millions more in Europe.

This is, of course, an entirely false view. The Allies and their friends, and the neutral world generally, are not "delirious" over Italy's decision because it widens the shambles of the great war. It is a feeling of relief rather than delight at the prospect of the conflict being greatly shortened, with triumph for the forces which are battling for freedom. This is the reason why the world outside the Teutonic alliance has been hoping and praying that Italy should line up actively with the Allies, and why it would welcome Roumania and Bulgaria taking the field against the War Lord.

The coming into the struggle of Italy will undoubtedly make fiercer the fighting on all fronts, and that means greater slaughter, but it will bring Germany to her knees the sooner, and the horrors of Poland, Galicia, Serbia and Belgium, that might have been prolonged for years but for Italy's participation, may be ended in a few months. The feeling behind the widely-expressed pleasure at the projection into the war of more millions is quite the reverse of savagery. The world has been sickened by the stupendous slaughter. It desires peace, but only peace with an assurance that it will be permanent. That is why we welcome an addition to the Allies' strength so great that it will overwhelm Germany quickly and destroy forever the dreadful menace to the world which Germany represents.

## KITCHENER AND LLOYD GEORGE.

THE new coalition ministry of Great Britain, if we are to judge from its personnel, should be the most powerful that has controlled the affairs of the Motherland for many years. Ordinarily a party leader, entrusted with the duty of forming a ministry, is hampered by party considerations, and sometimes by the paucity of talent among his associates. He has to take the best men available and usually has to fill up his ranks with some that he knows to be second-class men. He has to take them either on account of their influence in the party, or because he cannot get any more worthy and more fitted for the places they have to fill. In the present case there has been no such restriction. Mr. Asquith has had his pick of the British Parliament. His colleagues are all strong men. Nearly all have had Cabinet experience and the few who have not, have at all event, shown the ability to make themselves leaders of men. Like the historic "Ministry of all the Talents," the new Government contains within it the best and most representative men of the Empire. The only exception noticeable is in the absence of the leader of the Nationalists, but there was offered a place, but felt it more consistent with the Irish policy to give an independent support to the Government.

And one of the strongest forces in the ministry will be that in control of the army. Kitchener still remains as war secretary, but he divides the Aitcan burden he has been carrying with the spirit of energy personified in Lloyd George, who takes the new but associated portfolio of munitions of war. Men and munitions are now the great need of the empire. As a military organizer, Kitchener stands without a peer, and all the criticism of disaffected yellow journalists does not affect his reputation in the slightest degree. Men are responding readily to the call. Not from the Motherland alone, but from all the wide-spread dominions of the empire they are rallying to the flag, ready to fight and die under the old battle-scarred banner. But all the industrial forces that can be brought into operation have so far failed to meet the demand for those arms and armaments without which the courage and daring of Britain's soldiers will be in vain.

And the rulers of Britain have showed their realization of the need of the hour, and of the man to meet it. Kitchener will take care of the militant army. Lloyd George will devote himself to that great industrial army whose operations are equally necessary to achieve national success. His energy of purpose; his skill in organizing; his eloquence in stimulating to heroic effort; all will be required; and all will be given. Kitchener will get the men, and shape the army. Lloyd George will gather the material for their equipment. And the two make a powerful combination, and if any two men can accomplish the end, these two will.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Kitchener has out-silenced them all. Italy's finding the later quite so not liking.

Here's hoping that Italy's battine

average will keep up to four miles a day.

If Roumania comes in that will make it a round dozen.

Happily there was no Rogers in the Asquith government who dared to threaten an election.

Perhaps the attack on the Nebraska is the Kaiser's way of replying to President Wilson's protest.

Winston Churchill shows a fine spirit in accepting an insignificant portfolio in the new British cabinet.

Von Hindenberg, who is leading the Germans against the Italians, may soon wish he was back in his beloved Silesian swamps.

Another case like the torpedoing of the Nebraska and Washington may not bother to wait for Berlin's reply to the Lestania note.

Kitchener's silence has been heavy with scorn for his enemies. And Sam Hughes doesn't deign to answer the fiery Toronto Telegram.

The inclusion of a leading Laborite in Asquith's new ministry was a wise move, as it will tend to prevent hampering industrial disputes during the war.

With vast numbers of Huns, Austrians, Poles, Roumanians and Germans against her citizens, the Dual Monarchy is a good deal of a racial hash.

Germany has been sneering at Switzerland's threats to "do something" to the Lusitania. Germany might pick on many a less active porcupine than the mountain-girded republic.

Germany's treatment of Belgium will be considered gentle and tender-hearted to the mercilessness she will display to the Italians should Von Hindenberg succeed in overrunning the northern provinces.

The Allies sweeping the bestial Turk out of Europe is as noble a crusade as those of the Middle Ages. It also is for the triumph of the ideals of the Cross. The magazine rifle and the machine gun will accomplish what the spear and battleaxe failed to do.

With British, Belgians and French pushing back the enemy in the west, Russia once more on the aggressive in Galicia, Serbia moving towards the Austrian border, the Turks steadily losing ground, and Italy sweeping into Austrian territory, it looks as if the offensive had once more passed over to the Allies.

The suggestion made by an officer in this city that a regiment of "bantams" could be organized might be worthy of consideration by General Hughes. The little blocky chaps are great fighters. And small targets. It's rather an absurdity that man's height, unless he is a dwarf, should bar him from serving his country.

The Advertiser has commenced a competition for the soldiers encamped in this city on "Why I Enlisted." This newspaper believes that the men who have enlisted have most sincere convictions. They do not act like a mob of uniformed men, but after the fashion of those who have a mission in life. Perhaps a competition on "Why I Did Not Enlist" would not be very popular.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, representing both the Canadian and American wings of the great order, have passed a unanimous resolution for provincial and state and national prohibition. No set of men knows the dangers of the bottle more clearly than the engineers. Your engineer is usually about the manliest type in the community. He takes care of your life constantly, and he knows that liquor is as much a menace to humanity as a misplaced switch or a broken rail or a tie placed on the track by desperadoes.

## WARNING.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]  
Warnings to Mexico, if they do not make any impression the first time, can be easily repeated. The supply of warnings is inexhaustible.

## LONG AT THAT.

[London Answer.]  
It says here that the longest sentence in the English language contains 140 words," observed the old fogey.

"That's wrong," replied the grouch.

"The longest sentence contains only one word."

"What is that?" asked the old fogey.

"Life," replied the grouch.

## CROOKED.

[Chicago News.]  
After all the crooks are driven out of town, what will the good people do for an effective background?

## HIREBUTE.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]  
It appears that the old belief that human hair can turn white in a single night through fear or grief has no foundation. Of course, this has nothing to do with the hair that hangs on the back of the chair.

## PATRIOTIC.

[Cleveland Leader.]  
But in consenting to use intoxicants temperately as a war measure the English clergyman at least evince a temperate patriotism.

## GROUNDS FOR ENTHUSIASM.

[New York Times.]  
On the occasion of a Grand Army encampment in a western city, a woman who had secured an elevated position on a wagon in a side street wherefrom to watch the parade, became conspicuous by reason of the enthusiasm she displayed. Likewise, she was disgusted by what seemed to her the lack of enthusiasm evinced by those near her.

"Cheer!" she shouted. "Why don't you cheer? I guess you'd cheer if you'd lost two husbands in the war, as I did!"

## AS USUAL.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]  
"Swat the fly, smother the mosquito and bat the rat," is an inscription on some of the sanitary banners of the day. So, Lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. What should be swatted, smothered and batted is that which breeds and feeds the fly, the mosquito and the rat.

## Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

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## A CELL IN ETRURIA.

By Frank Little Pellock.

I watched Kernahan as he slept, profoundly, his head on the back of the chair, where it had fallen when he stopped eating and talking. Among the litter of the studio table were the remains of the lunch I had rummaged together for him. He was damp, dragged, shabby, but his face told tales of hard straits, but at that moment Maurice Kernahan seemed to my dazzled eyes a very magician.

For I was still under the enchantment of the story he had told me—the plot of his novel, "The Fountain of Arden," which was to be a masterpiece. It was to be nothing less, I was certain, if I was not overintoxicated by the skill with which he had woven his tale, and of its rounded end, often reflecting whole passages, for he always elaborated his material very fully in his mind before he touched paper.

Not a word of the book was written, but from his previous work it would come out—strong and smooth as silk, and rich with the colors of his exuberant Celtic fancy. The setting was untried; the Etruria of his plot was as vague as the Forest of Arden, but there were living passions in it, and human problems, and a vein of irony that no one would see who ought to know it. Besides, it would just hit the popular taste of the moment, though I was so charmed by the fire and beauty of his tale, that I had not considered it.

Meanwhile the man who had devised all this slept soundly in my chair, with not a word in his pockets. The always active pendulum of his fortunes had swung a little farther than usual. His trunk was held for room, not, he had told me. He had even pawned his typewriter. He had not eaten all day, and I had found him sitting at the top of my mind in a kind of collapse.

Kernahan needed quiet and freedom from anxiety to do his best work. He had seldom had them, and this was dealing him up to his eyes. He was a man of slight build, but his wit and his graceful magazine trifles by which he was slightly known. And the worst of it was that I could not tell about it myself. But I was so much excited over his inspiration that I presently wrote "When are you going to write it?"

"When? Now. The question is when I return. I know this is always open to you," I said.

"No, I won't let you feed me, old fellow. There's a four or five months' work in this, and you're carrying all the ballast you can't realize on an idea," I groaned.

"Why, so he can. There are several publishers who would grub-stake him while I wait the book. If I told them my plot. But then they'd charge me ten thousand per cent interest on their advance when it came due. I want to walk in with the book all finished and demand fifteen per cent royalty on the retail price, for I can't tell you how much I want to do it. You know I appreciate a good thing when I see it."

"Oh, you're right to be enthusiastic. But couldn't you do your newspaper work while you were waiting?"

"I couldn't write that story unless I was dead to the world, shut away in some cloister where I wouldn't be worried about money, and where nobody would speak unless spoken to. I wonder if there is such a place anywhere! Oh, yes, I forgot the most essential requisite—where I could live for nothing!"

I leaned forward on the table, caught sight of something in the spread news paper, and pushed aside a plate to read it. He reread it carefully, began to laugh, and the paragraph out, and put it in his pocket.

"What is it?" I inquired.

He got up and took his hat. In his eyes was a sparkle which I knew always meant some reckless impulse.

"You're staying here tonight, you know. Hold on, where are you going?"

But he was already out and going down the stairs three steps at a time. I ran after him; but I heard the street-door slam when I was half-way down the four flights.

He had not been in the room for a minute, and I was left staring after him. The twelfth street asphalt glittered wet in the drizzly November night. To the west, a Sixth avenue elevated train flared past like a roaring comet through the mist.

After wandering vaguely about for ten minutes, I went back to my studio and waited for Maurice to return. Meanwhile I examined the newspaper for who had clipped, but it appeared to have been merely an item from a column of police-news.

Maurice did not come back. The winter passed, and I heard nothing of him, and no one whom I knew had seen him. But early in April I re-

## PLEASED BY ITALY'S LEAP

## GERMAN HATE.

[Branford Exposition.]  
With Italy in the war, the German hate has another chance to expand.

## GRIND THE PIRATES.

[Branford Courier.]  
This summer won't see any Italian organ-grinders in the Fatherland. Instead they'll be helping to grind the pirates.

## THE RIGHT MOMENT.

[Toronto Star.]  
Italy has come in at the right time—at the outset of a long summer campaign and just when Kitchener's great army is getting into action.

## A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

[Hamilton Herald.]  
One great advantage of Italy's entry into the war is that the situation of the Turk will be made more critical, and the pressure now being exercised upon Russia will be relieved. From all sides the war against the Teutons and the "unspeakable Turk" may be expected to be prosecuted with a vigor not thus far shown, and it is to be hoped, with results which will make the complete overthrow of Germany measurably near.

## LEAPED RIGHT.

[Berlin Telegraph.]  
It took a long time for Italy to de-

ceive a letter. I could not decipher the postmark.

"The manuscript of the 'Fountain' will reach you in a day or two. Please have it typewritten, and hold it for me. I'll see you in a fortnight."

The manuscript came the very next day, by express. It was written in leadencil on a very poor quality of paper, but the book was all there, in a clear, simple, and perfect copy, without corrections or erasures.

Before sending it to be typed I read it, and I found that my expectations had not risen too high. Kernahan had made the most of his inspiration; he had written a great book. The extreme delicacy and elaboration of the style bore witness to much meditation and much labor with the file, and I wondered what hours he had spent in the study of the book for the six months' work I awaited its appearance impatiently.

It was three weeks before he came. He came in a great hurry, and he was in a state of nervous excitement. He was thin, that his face had an unhealthy pallor, and that his hair was cut shorter than I had ever seen it; but he was in a state of nervous excitement, and more enthusiastic about the book than ever.

"Where on earth have you been?" I asked. "You look as if you'd been overworking heavily for weeks."

"I've been in Etruria," he returned deliberately, but with the old reckless sparkle in his eye.

"And where is that?"

"Oh, if you want me to teach you geography."

"Oh, if you don't want to tell me—how did you make a living in Etruria?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Oh, yes; I was a 'broom-maker'."

"But you can't make brooms!"

"Can't I? Just try me! But the 'Fountain' wasn't worth brooms."

That was all I could get out of him, and he persisted in talking about his book, which he carried off that afternoon to a New York publishing house. This concern did not accept it, however, but a rival firm did, and "The Fountain of Arden" appeared in September.

It sold eight thousand copies in the first month after publication, and continued to sell with even greater rapidity. Kernahan was launched.

I was still extremely curious to know where the book had been written, for a peculiar idea had sprung in my brain. I did not see much of the author that autumn; he had risen somewhat into fame, he was busy, in much demand; but when at last I found him at home, in his apartment on Forty-seventh street, he seemed unpolished by success.

"By the way," I ventured as I was leaving, "do you know if prisoners are allowed to have writing-materials in the jails hereabouts?"

He met my eye imperturbably.

"Usually, I believe, if they are good-conducted men."

"Quite right, too," I remarked.

"Good-bye!"

Kernahan took a small, crumpled newspaper clipping from his cardcase and gave it to me.

"You can keep this," he said. "If I hadn't seen that paragraph in your study that night, the book wouldn't have been finished so now. Good-bye! Don't tell anybody that I know how to make brooms," he called down the stairs after me.

The clipping, which I read on the street, appeared to be a bit of police-news.

"The usual number of winter applicants are seeking admission to the local jails, and a feature of the metropolitan courts has been the number of prisoners asking for long sentences to get them through the winter. Such voluntary prisoners are usually treated

cide, but she finally took a leap on the right side of the fence.

ITALY CALM.  
[Sydney Post.]

Those who have regarded the Italians as an excitable, impulsive people, of unbridled enthusiasms and impatient temperaments, are being afforded ample opportunity to revise their judgment. Nothing could be more decorous, leisurely, or matter-of-fact, than the manner in which they are evolving from the neutral to the belligerent class.

## MYSTERIOUS.

[Montreal Star.]  
The failure of Austria to meet the demands of Italy must remain something of a mystery until it is clear where the war against the Teutons and the "unspeakable Turk" may be expected to be prosecuted with a vigor not thus far shown, and it is to be hoped, with results which will make the complete overthrow of Germany measurably near.

With some laxity, not being likely to escape."

A month later I read in a literary weekly:

"Mr. Maurice Kernahan sailed last week for Genoa. He will spend the rest of the winter at his villa on the Italian Riviera, where 'The Fountain of Arden' was written."

I pinned this clipping to the other.

THE CASE OF MOIR.  
[Branford Exposition.]

The information is given that Pte. Moir, who was sent to the asylum for criminal insane some years ago for the murder of Col.-Sergt. Lloyd at Wolseley Barracks, London, Ont., has been released from the Central Prison, and is now out on parole. His case closely resembles, in some particulars, that of Harry K. Thaw. The jury in the Thaw case believed the prisoner to have been insane when he murdered. Moir's case, however, is an exact parallel. Moir was sent to the asylum for criminal insane, from which he escaped, and was afterwards recaptured. Moir's case came up to this point in the Thaw case, and he was sentenced to a criminal insane asylum, from which he escaped, and was afterwards recaptured. Moir's case came up to this point in the Thaw case, and he was sentenced to a criminal insane asylum, from which he escaped, and was afterwards recaptured.

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